January

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JL he day before yesterday long study of the manuscripts left behind by Philippe — or at least, more specifically of the *Charles Blanckard,* of which I discover half a dozen versions almost equally good and excluding one another. Yet Francis Jammes will continue to believe that Philippe was good because he "gave his inspiration free rein." Nothing has *taught* me more about the art of writing than these abandoned pages — a great many of which I shall try to publish—probably adding an explanatory commentary to them.

Very much disposed to work this morning; a few intruders upset me, I do not count among the intruders the very likable Pierre Cornu. Ruyters comes to lunch. I have an appointment at two thirty with Copeau at Mirbeau's. We spend about three hours there and come away fagged out, both of us.

We went to Mirbeau's, not for the moderate and tiring pleasure of hearing him talk, but to take him lehTs novel and to get him excited about reading it. To talk to him about Marguerite Audoux also. As soon as one goes to call on someone to ask him a favor, one spends infinitely more than what one expects of him. By five o'clock we were ruined, fagged out with nervous exhaustion; and we had got nothing for our trouble.

Got nothing but an incoherent series of anecdotes such as Mirbeau excells in telling. About Claretie, about the Baroness de Z., his neighbor and 'landlady," about Gregh, about "scholars" whom he claims to ridicule.

"I know one who, for months now, has been preparing a paper. * . . Can you guess on what? . . . On the muscles of spiders! The muscles of spiders! But he has never even seen any spiders. . . . And naturally he is drawing conclusions of world-shaking interest.

. . . I know another who brought out in 1900 a study on 'the digestive mechanism in acridians. . , / Just imagine!**

'Have you read it?" Copeau shyly asks.

"I have read the tide, yes. I have seen it Doesn't that seem preposterous to you? I assure you they are all the same. All the samel" And he walks about the room repeating these words.

Certainly his spirits are rather amusingly colored* but what he exaggerates about everyone is always the most vulgar shortcoming; he ridicules only at the expense of truth. I am inclined to believe that he never recognizes, in anyone, the important particularity. Now he is calling Claretie a bandit, an assassin. "I assure you he is an assassin." la a